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On Christmas morning, [REDACTED], in a quaint Midwestern town, [REDACTED] gives his wife [REDACTED] an American cocker spaniel puppy which she names Lady. Lady enjoys a happy life with the couple and two local neighborhood dogs, [REDACTED], a Scottish terrier, and [REDACTED], a [REDACTED]. Meanwhile, across town, a stray mutt named Tramp lives on his own, [REDACTED] and protecting his friends from [REDACTED]. One day, Lady is saddened after her owners begin [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] visit her and determine that their change in behavior is due to [REDACTED]. While [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] try to explain what [REDACTED], Tramp interrupts the conversation and offers his own thoughts on the matter, making [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] take an immediate dislike to the stray and order him out of the yard. As Tramp leaves, he reminds Lady that "when the [REDACTED] [REDACTED], the dog moves out."

Eventually, the [REDACTED] arrives and the couple introduces Lady to the [REDACTED], whom Lady grows fond of. Soon after, [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] leave [REDACTED], with their Aunt [REDACTED] looking after the [REDACTED] and the house. Aunt [REDACTED]'s two [REDACTED], [REDACTED] and [REDACTED], trick her into thinking that Lady attacked them with [REDACTED]. Aunt [REDACTED] takes Lady to a [REDACTED] to get a [REDACTED]. Lady flees in horror, only to be pursued by [REDACTED]. Tramp rescues her and finds a [REDACTED] who can remove the [REDACTED]. Later, Tramp shows Lady how he lives "footloose and collar-free," eventually leading into a candlelit [REDACTED] dinner at [REDACTED]. Lady begins to fall in love with Tramp, but she chooses to return home in order to [REDACTED]. Tramp offers to escort Lady back home, but when Tramp decides to [REDACTED] around a farmyard for [REDACTED], Lady is captured by [REDACTED] and brought to the [REDACTED]. While at the [REDACTED], the other dogs reveal to Lady that Tramp's had multiple girlfriends in the past and they feel it's unlikely he'll ever [REDACTED]. She is eventually claimed by Aunt [REDACTED], who chains her in the backyard as punishment for [REDACTED].

[REDACTED] and [REDACTED] visit to comfort Lady, but when Tramp arrives to apologize, Lady angrily confronts him about his past girlfriends. Just as Tramp leaves, Lady sees [REDACTED] trying to [REDACTED]. She barks frantically, but Aunt [REDACTED] tells her [REDACTED]. Tramp hears her barking and rushes back, entering the house and [REDACTED]. Lady breaks free and rushes to the [REDACTED], where Tramp [REDACTED] before ultimately killing [REDACTED]. The commotion alerts Aunt [REDACTED], who sees both dogs and assumes that they are responsible. She pushes Tramp into [REDACTED] and locks Lady in the basement, then [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] return home as the [REDACTED] and when they release Lady, she leads them to the [REDACTED]. Realizing Tramp's true intentions, [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] chase after the [REDACTED]. The dogs are able to track down the [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] causing the [REDACTED] to [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] arrives in a taxi with Lady, and she reunites with Tramp, but their joy is short-lived when they find [REDACTED] pinned underneath the [REDACTED], motionless, with [REDACTED] howling mournfully.

That Christmas, Tramp's been [REDACTED], and he and Lady have started their own family, with three daughters who look similar to Lady and a son who looks similar to Tramp. [REDACTED] comes to see the family along with [REDACTED], who's still alive and merely suffered [REDACTED]. Thanks to the [REDACTED], [REDACTED] has a fresh audience for his old stories, but he has forgotten them.

Cole Prentice

Half-assed artist, designer, curator. Co-founder of Internet Discount Mall.

Dan Le

from Raleigh, NC. Using inverted marketing to produce DIY punk shows flyers and comic zines throughout his years developed associations of timeless principles and ideas and presenting with modern sensibilities and modern psychology. Complexity extracted with simple tools, the primitive urge and desperation to express something with anything.

Kat Schneider

b. 1990, New York, NY. Lives and works in Brooklyn. She recently presented the solo exhibitions *Wound to Heel* via Kodomo (Chinatown, NY) and *Babe In Total Control Herself (B.I.T.C.H)* at Hayes Valley Art Works (San Francisco, CA). In 2013, she started a blog known as Doggin (www.do99in.com) to collect instances wherein humans display a lapse of consciousness of their humanity, or conversely, canines take on characteristics of the human. Her current work originates from the same muddy territory between what is recognizably human and what is surely animal.

Morgan Canavan

b. 1989, has held two person and solo exhibitions with White Flag Library, Saint Louis, Hester, New York and Blood Gallery, Brooklyn. His work has been included in group exhibitions with Honor Fraser, Los Angeles; VI Dancer, Oakland; 1960 Rue Sherbrooke Est, Montreal; Chin's Push, Los Angeles; and Malmö Art Academy, Malmö. He studied at the Malmö Art Academy, Yale Norfolk and holds a BFA from the Cooper Union, New York. Morgan lives and works in Los Angeles.

Alix Jean Vollum and Dayton Castleman

alix jean vollum (b. 1989, portland, or) and dayton castleman (b. 1988, odessa, tx) have shared a studio in the macarthur park section of los angeles since march 2016. this is their third exhibition together.

David Sherman

I received my BA in Digital Anthropology over a period of time that lacked caution, and took the days that followed graduation very slowly, to compensate. I began to professionally lose interest in framing my narrative using years. Focusing very hard, all of my energy, on a conception of time-spending as a bendable junkyard for posers, capable of being ignored, I felt devoted especially to what I perceived as the Liberation on the Other Side of All Tradition. It seemed attainable. To move towards an extreme goal, and to have that goal be a solution to everything. I planted my body at an unpopular angle or totally face down on the floor, like a Balthus girl, to focus my thoughts. An idea came to ignore the structure of "days" as if they were fog that had climaxed. A background object. I was a Balthus girl. But nothing seemed clear; the video game had been out for 23 years. Now it was only a reference point for its modernized remake on an ETA list.

My goal became to unenroll. To eject myself from partial constructions like careers or competitive jealousies or mutual love. The first thing to do was decide I no longer needed attention. Eye contact was deleted. Social connections lost their priority as the motivator for talking, dancing or leaving the house - I continued to do all three for new reasons. I would be cut off but not violent. The goal was contentment instead of juvenile revenge or self-sought alienation. I had made fun of everything, there wasn't much left to make fun of; was it everything? Was mockery really a way to self-awareness? How many times could I use the word self followed by a hyphen and an alternating word? This became an important challenge.

Besides the desire to arbitrarily simplify my needs, grotesquerie was the only intentional urge left. But instead of touching, it felt hemorrhoidal to make fun of people discussing apps they were developing. One night, I dreamt that even the bodies of the recently dead consistently began to mimic each other's positions. The things in my person that might recommend me to city life were rapidly deteriorating. I wanted to be a sheet of ice droning down a waterpark slide in a stream of contemplative e.coli water for the win. The dark juice for Christ's sake.

I stopped believing in the power of mixed metaphor as it applied to the way I dressed. I saw an older man in a scratched out white sedan open his door at a stop sign to throw a ball of trash onto the road. This is the only person I want to end up being, but I'll start as anything.